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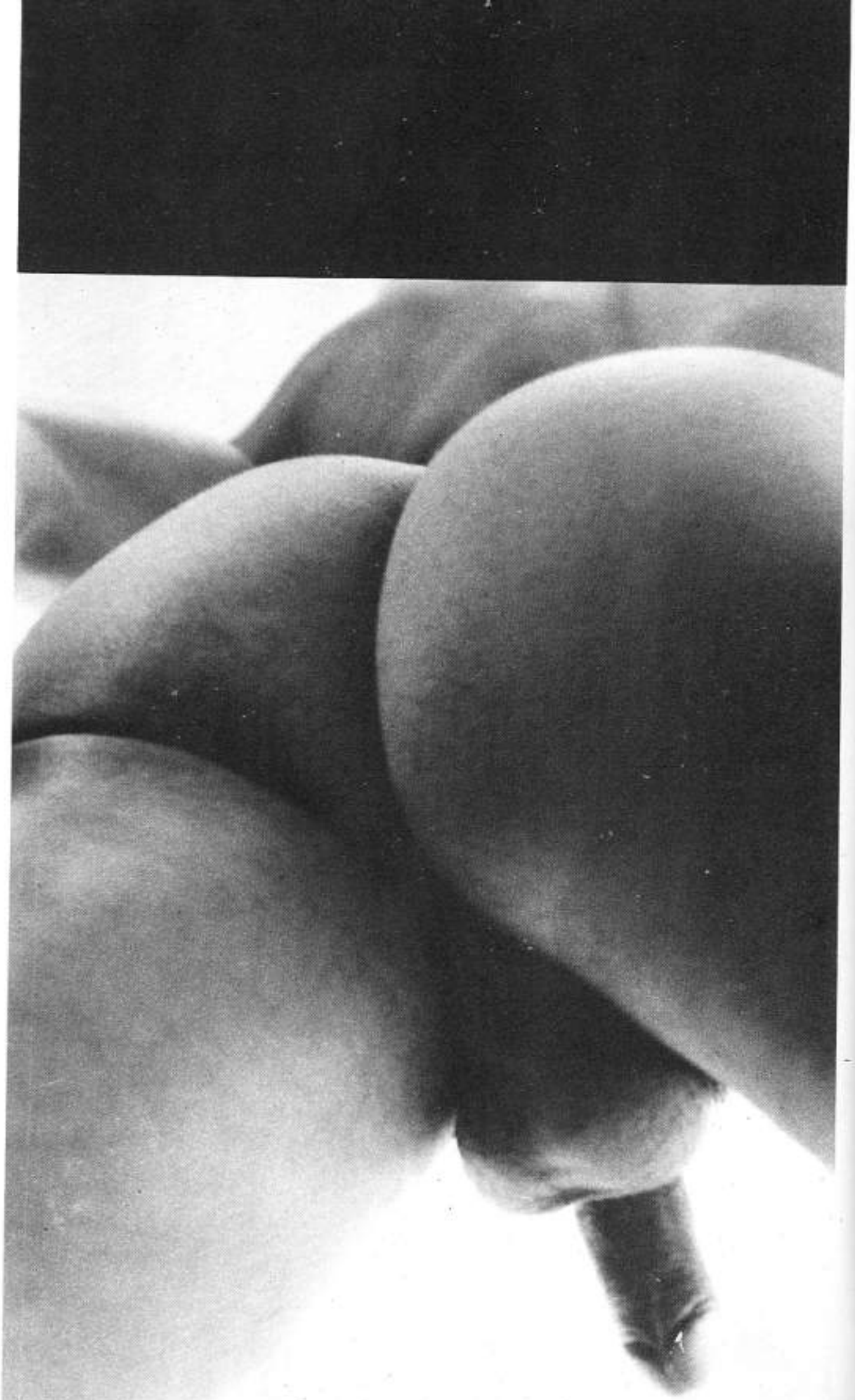

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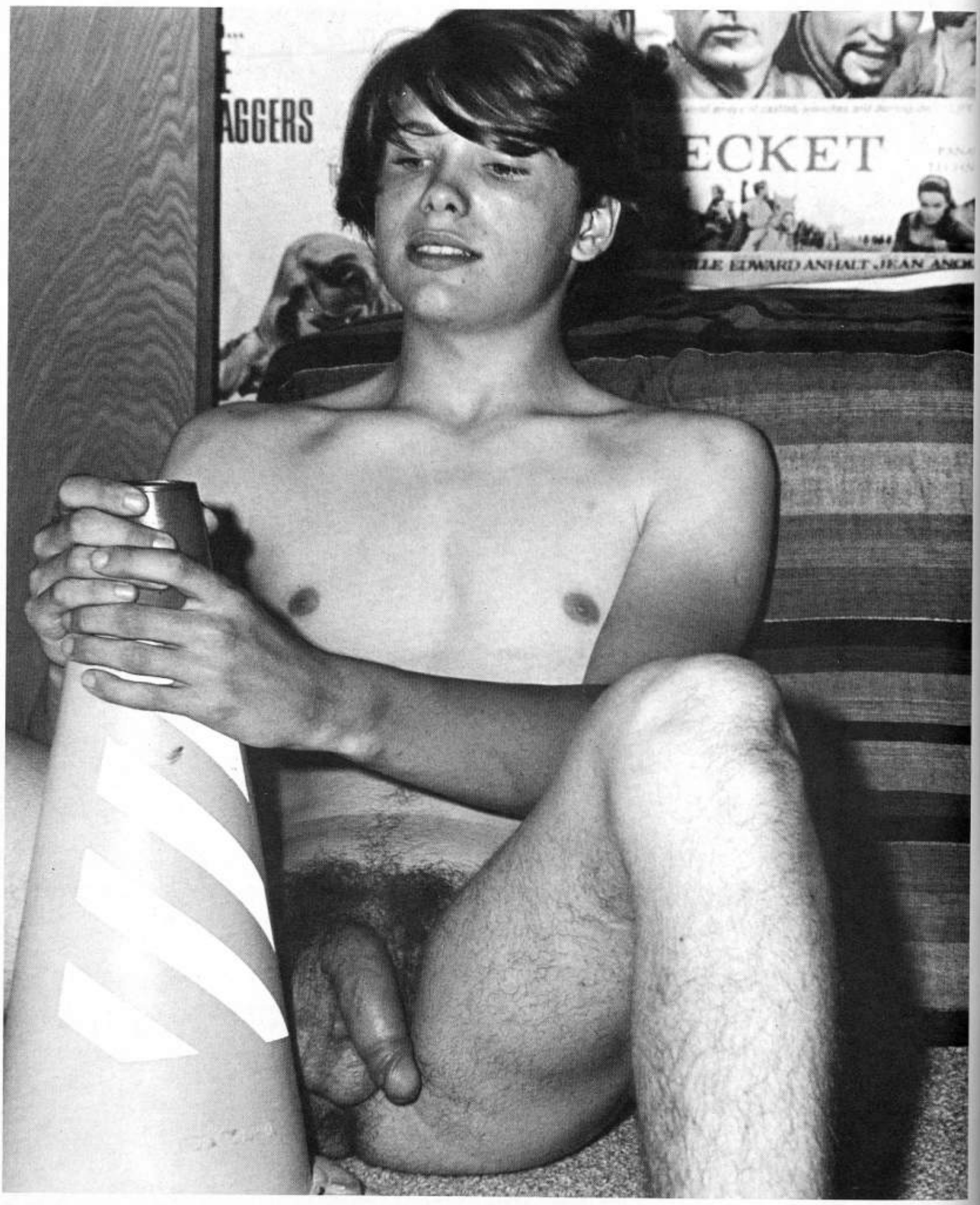
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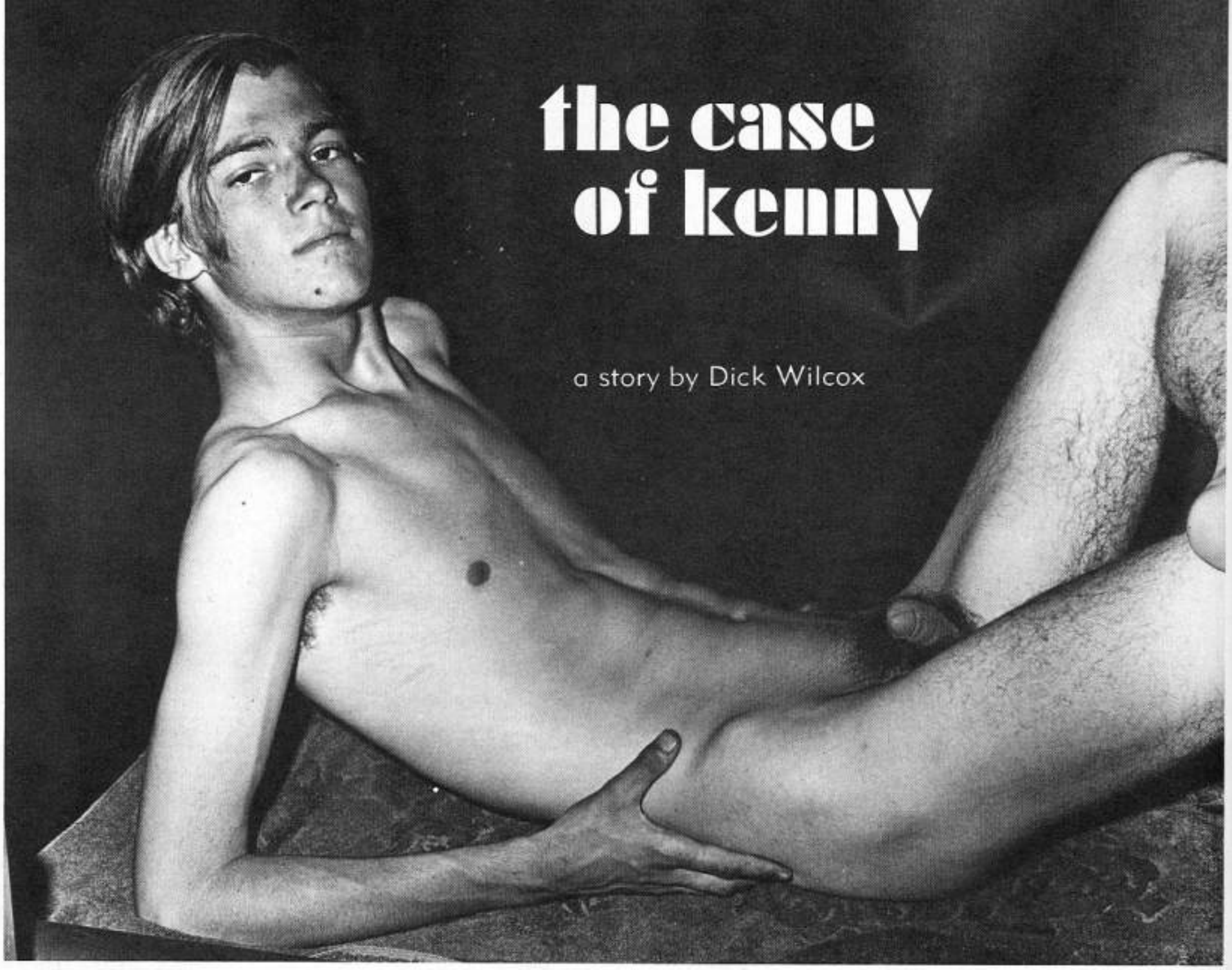


the case of kenny

a story by Dick Wilcox

It was late spring, just before his fourteenth birthday, when I met Kenny. He came to my office on Friday afternoon with Foster, a slightly older boy whom I already knew and had been to bed with a dozen times. Ordinarily I would have been irritated by Foster's bringing a stranger with him. And ordinarily I would have vehemently rejected the idea of chancing sex with a youngster of Kenny's age. But there was a quality about him that I found irresistible and that swept away both my irritation and good judgment.

I took wilder chances regularly in those days than I would today, though I was already 30 and not inexperienced. In this case, the reward promised to justify the risk. And, too, I felt sure that Kenny had been briefed by Foster on what was to happen, that he wouldn't have come along if he weren't interested.

This proved to be the case. Both boys joined me readily for a trip to my shack in Flint Valley where, after a couple of beers, we played the ritual strip-poker game that always preceded sex. It was fun but a little frustrating, chiefly because of Foster's presence. I had always enjoyed him before. But at this moment, I wanted Kenny all to myself. with nothing to distract me from him.

When it was over I dropped them both off in town and went home again. As they got out of the car, I managed to tell Kenny, without the other boy's overhearing, that I would be at my office early the next morning. He showed up, on his bicycle, at 7:30. This time, just the two of us went to the shack. With far more satisfactory results.

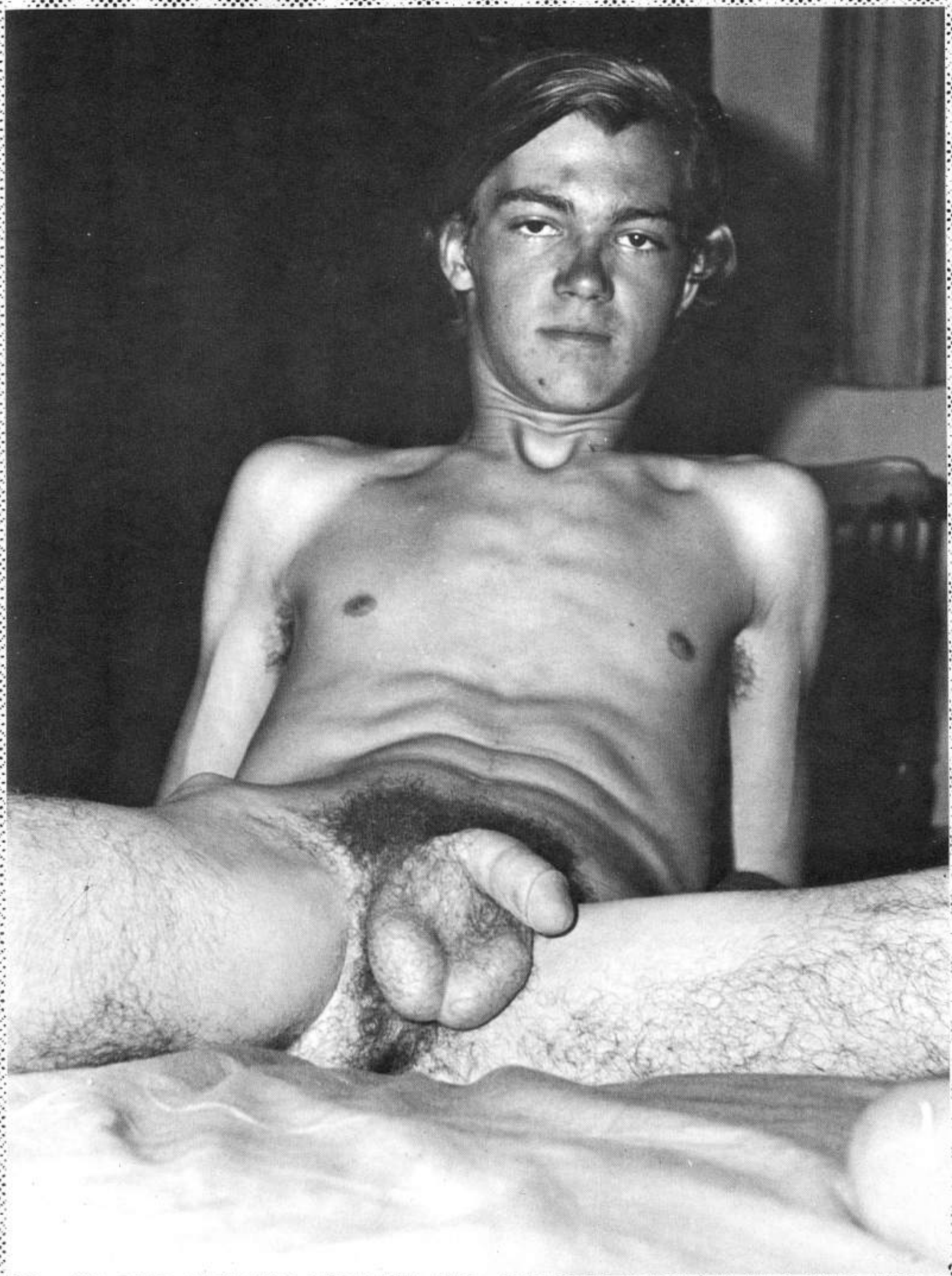
Kenny was a tall boy, even at 14, with slimness that accentuated his height. His face was smooth and beardless. His hair, cut short, still showed the traces of a wave. His most remarkable features were his eyes, which sparkled with gold and brown, and frequently crinkled narrowly in mischief or laughter.

His eyes, I should say, were his most remarkable *visible* features. For, once he was undressed, his sexual equipment was remarkable for its enormous size.

There was only one problem with him, and it was hardly a flaw. He took forever to reach a climax. This disturbed me not at all at the time, since it assured a long and pleasant session.

Eventually, it did become an occasional difficulty. After that first Saturday, Kenny came to me often in the morning. When I worked through the night, as I often did, he would surprise me at the office, showing up on his bike, well before school began. We would make it on the floor, rushing a bit since I insisted that Kenny not be late to school. But his slow climaxes frequently kept us going till the last minute.

Through spring and early summer, things continued on



this basis. Foster moved away from town, and I was almost relieved. Kenny was there, morning after morning, and in the evenings, too, if I wanted him. I had other interests as well, some of them repetitive, but Kenny became the principal one. Yet I never considered him a full-fledged affair. He idolized me — this I knew and it pleased me — but I was all too aware of the hero-worship quality of his feelings and the disparity in our ages and was more inclined to enjoy him than to love him.

The lack of depth of my feelings is best illustrated by an incident that happened in mid-summer. To show off for Mike, a friend who was visiting me from Texas, I invited Kenny to come by one afternoon. When he arrived, I drew him into the bedroom, reached down and found him hard. As I unzipped his pants, I asked, "Is it okay if Mike joins us?"

"Sure," Kenny said with total unconcern, "it's okay with me."

I called Mike in and watched with delight his expression when he saw the boy's enormous size. Then, because I was expecting more company, I let Kenny do me quickly (while Mike worked on him) and then left the two of them to finish by themselves.

This I would never have done if I had valued Kenny then as I later came to. Indeed, I would have been protective, jealous, possessive; and Mike would never have dared to touch the boy. He would have been one of the things I would never have shared with anyone.

Till that day, or shortly after, my relationship with Kenny had been one of pure sexual activity, with no love play nor kissing ever involved, indeed nothing more than manual and oral stimulation. Only in late summer, after I had made the decision to move to Los Angeles, did we approach a deeper intimacy.

Kenny's parents had denied him something, or scolded him, or raised some kind of hell. He came dashing to my house on his bike and was barely inside before he burst into tears. I took him in my arms to comfort him, enjoyed holding him, and having him cling to me. I knew for the first time how deep was his love for me. But he was still 14 and too young to take with me to California as he begged me to do. I promised, though, that when the time came for him to leave home, he would have a home with me.

It was months before I saw him again. From September to May I was tied down to the new job and hardly had time even for cruising the local talent. On my one trip home, I called Kenny from my motel and found him eager to join me. This time I didn't hesitate to take him in my arms. He came to me eagerly, and quickly learned the art of long, passionate kisses, adding still more pleasure to a long and satisfying evening for both of us.

There were two more trips like that in our second summer. Then my company sent me overseas, and it was 18 months before I returned to the States. While I enjoyed myself in the relative freedom of European society, I missed Kenny and look forward to returning to him.

It was Christmas vacation when I did come back. Somehow Kenny persuaded his parents to let him spend a week with me in Los Angeles. God, how he had grown! Almost 16, he was taller now than I was. He still had his fresh young look of innocence. And his narrow eyes still crinkled constantly into laughter. We fell into each other's arms, and Kenny's kisses were as hungry as mine. Our first brief hour of two of sex were worth the entire trip.

That first night we got drunk together. Uproariously, hilariously drunk. And I started both to talk and to question. Since Foster, Kenny had had no experience with other boys. Except for the day with Mike, I was his only male contact. I asked about some of his friends, but his answers were negative, though he indicated that it was often shyness rather than virtue that prevented.

Then I asked him, for the first time since we had met, about his experiences with Foster. Recalling some mention in a long-forgotten conservation that suggested anal sex play, I asked Kenny which part he had taken. "Both," he said, and, anticipating my next question, added that he had enjoyed both roles.

"Would you mind it if I tried to fuck you?" I asked.

"I think I'd like it," he said, the brown and gold sparkling in his eyes.

Certainly he did like it. I piled on top and, without pausing, entered him, worked feverishly, and climaxed. Then suddenly concerned for Kenny's pleasure, I reached him. I found his wet and sticky, still hard against my belly. This was the kid who took forever!

"I didn't even touch you!" I exclaimed.

"I know, but you don't have to when we do it this way."

It was a long night, even after that, and a week that was both delightfully long and frustratingly short. I had discovered at last the source of Kenny's greatest pleasure. And for the first time since we had met, the two of us were equally satisfied. Again and again and again. It was a week to remember. And repeat. As we still do.

Oh Dad, Poor Dad
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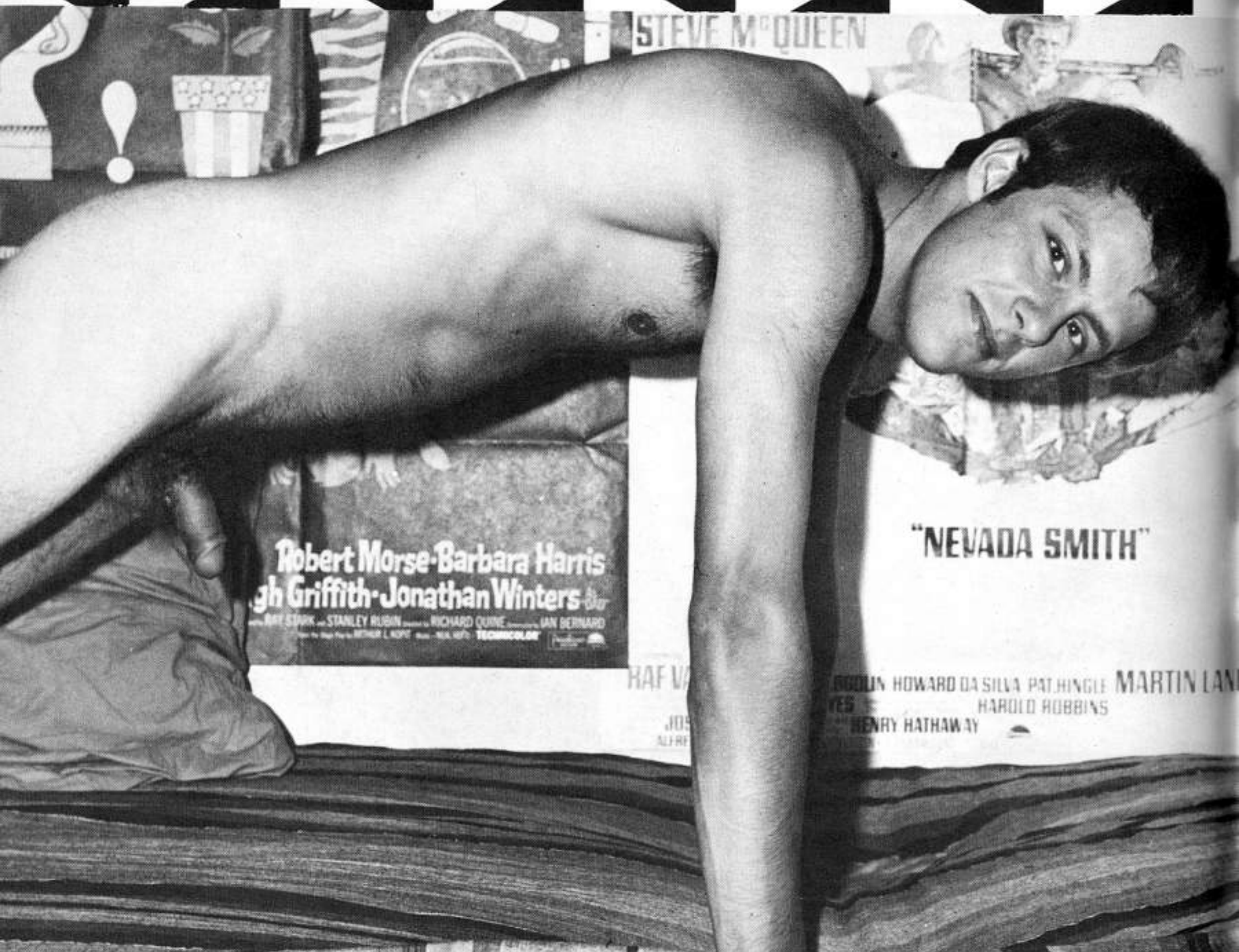
th·Jonathan Winters
RICHARD QUINE
IAN BERNARD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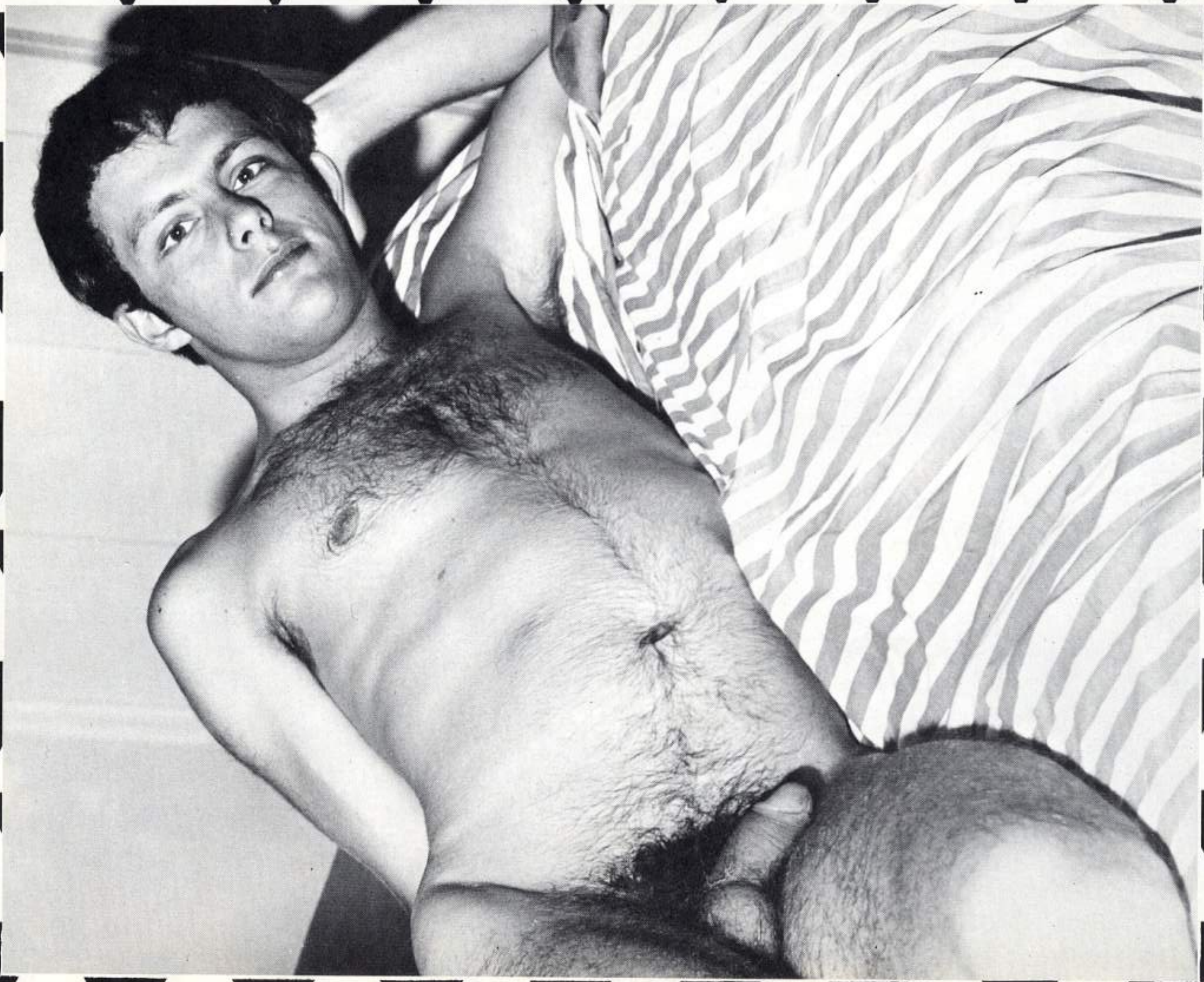

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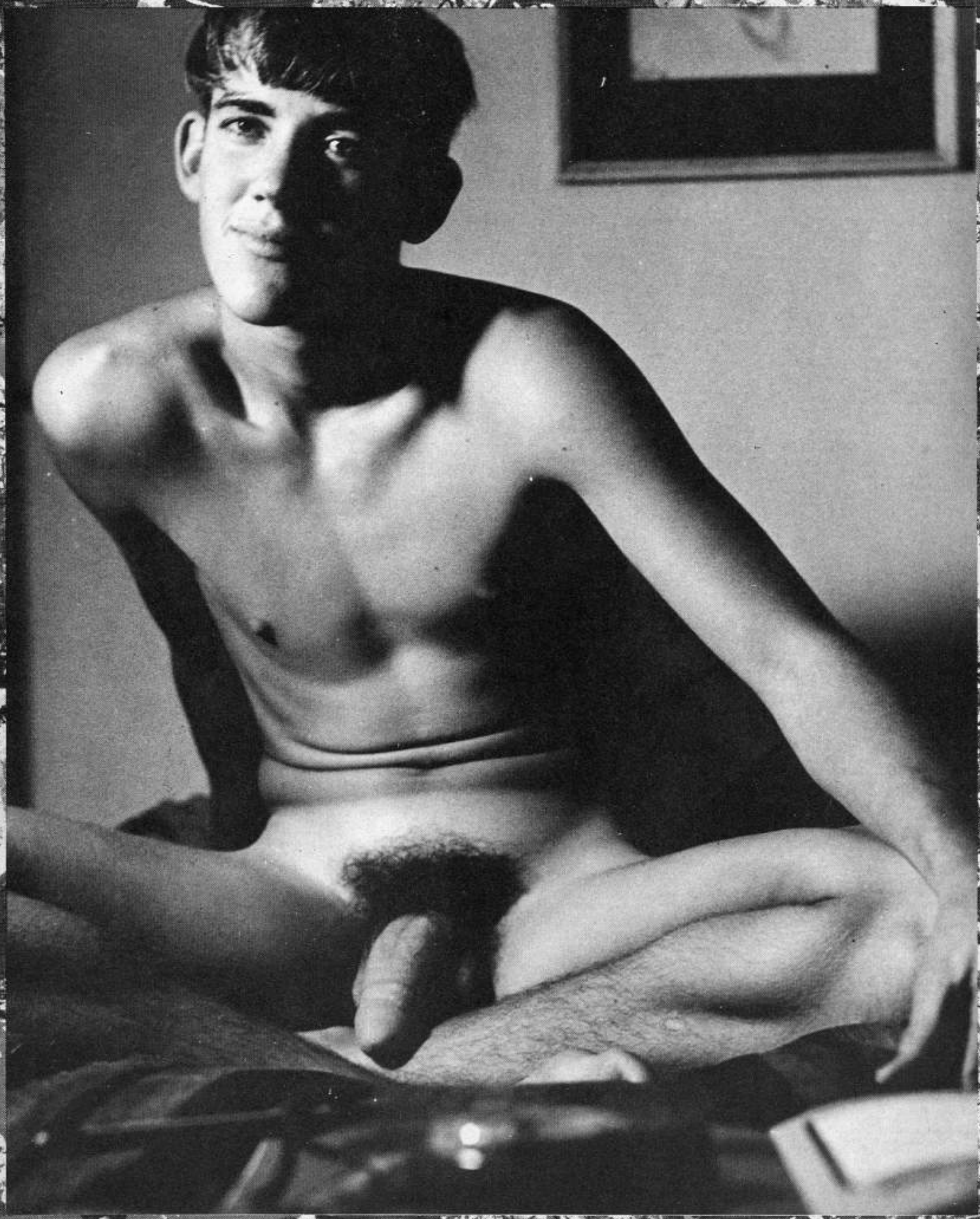
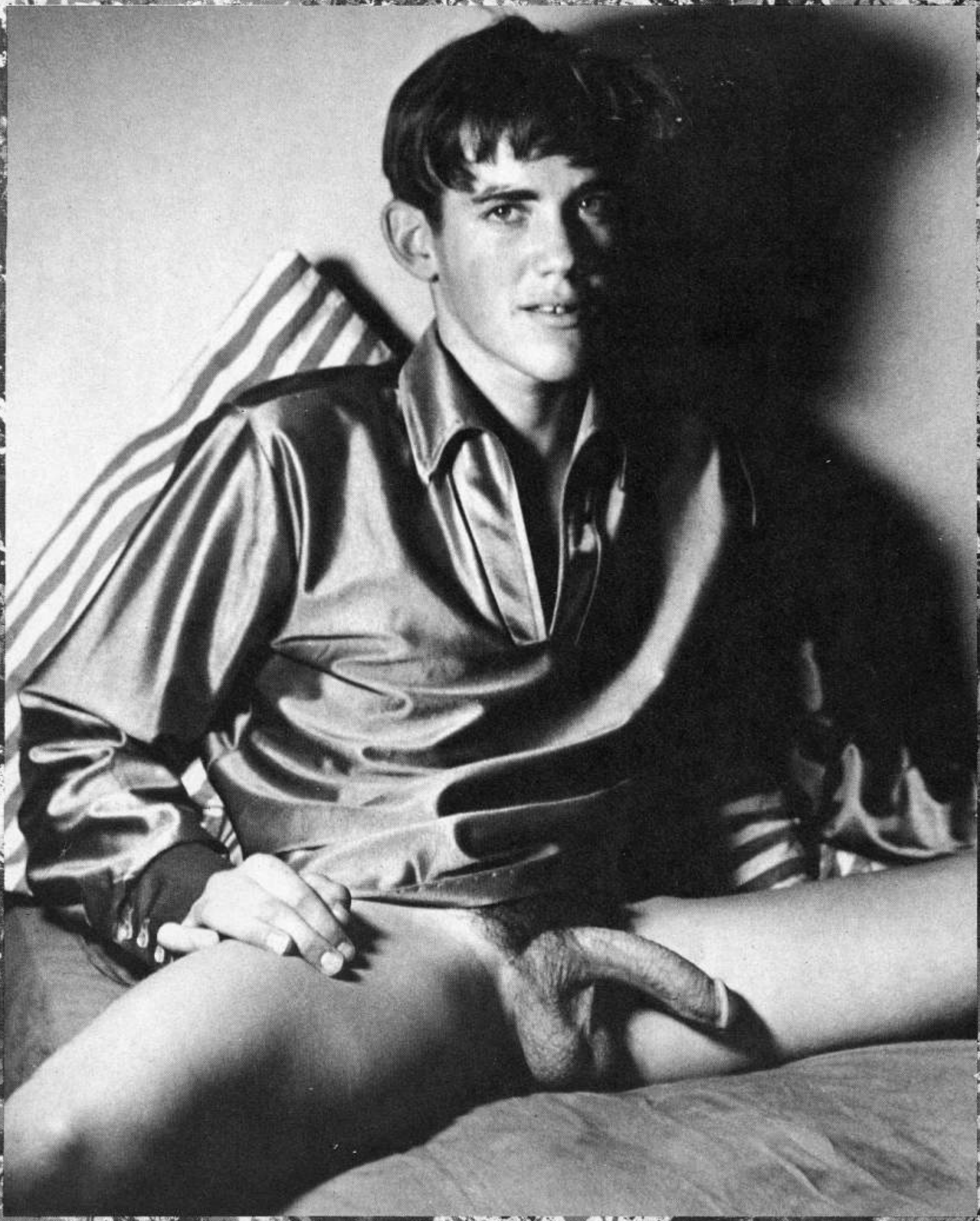
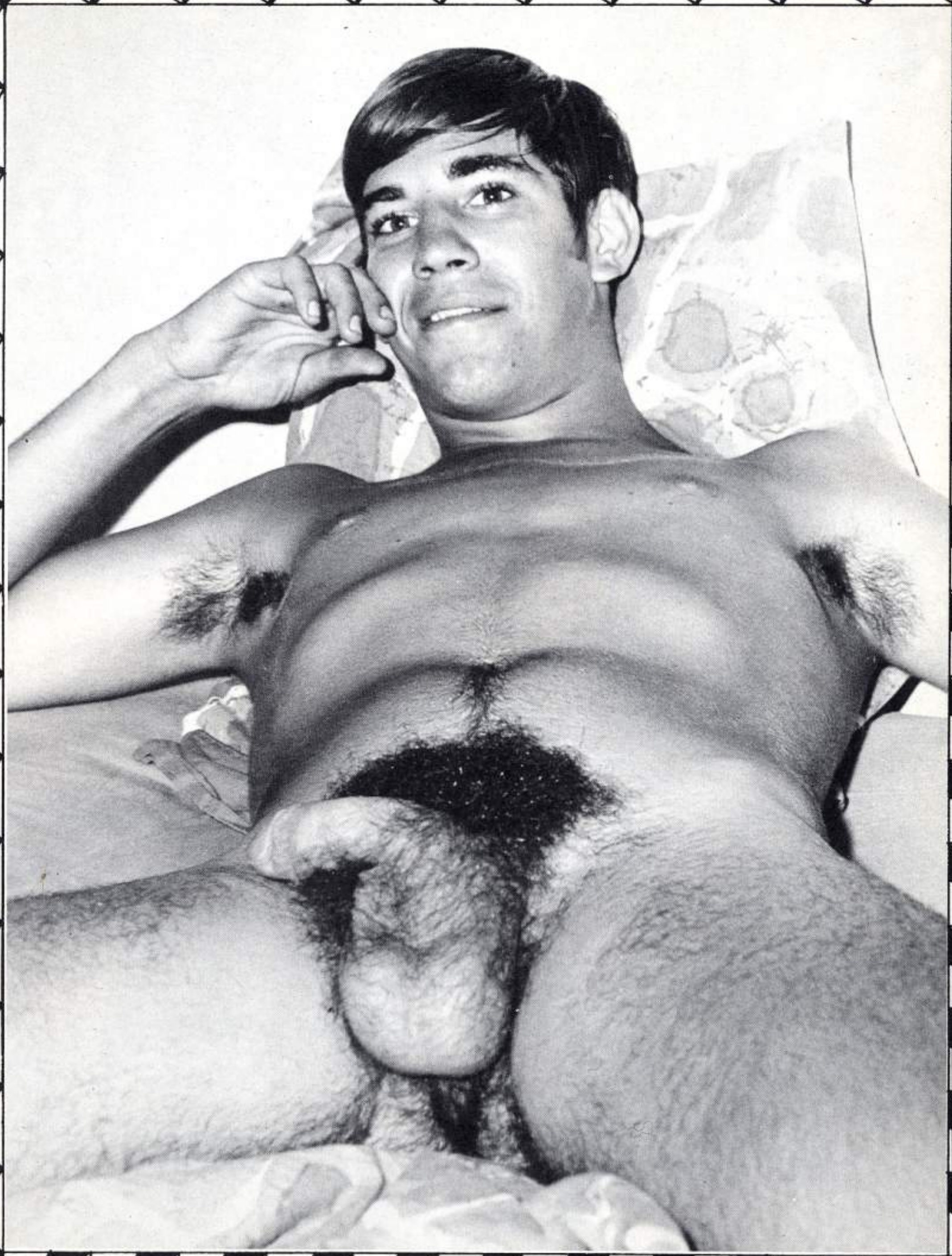
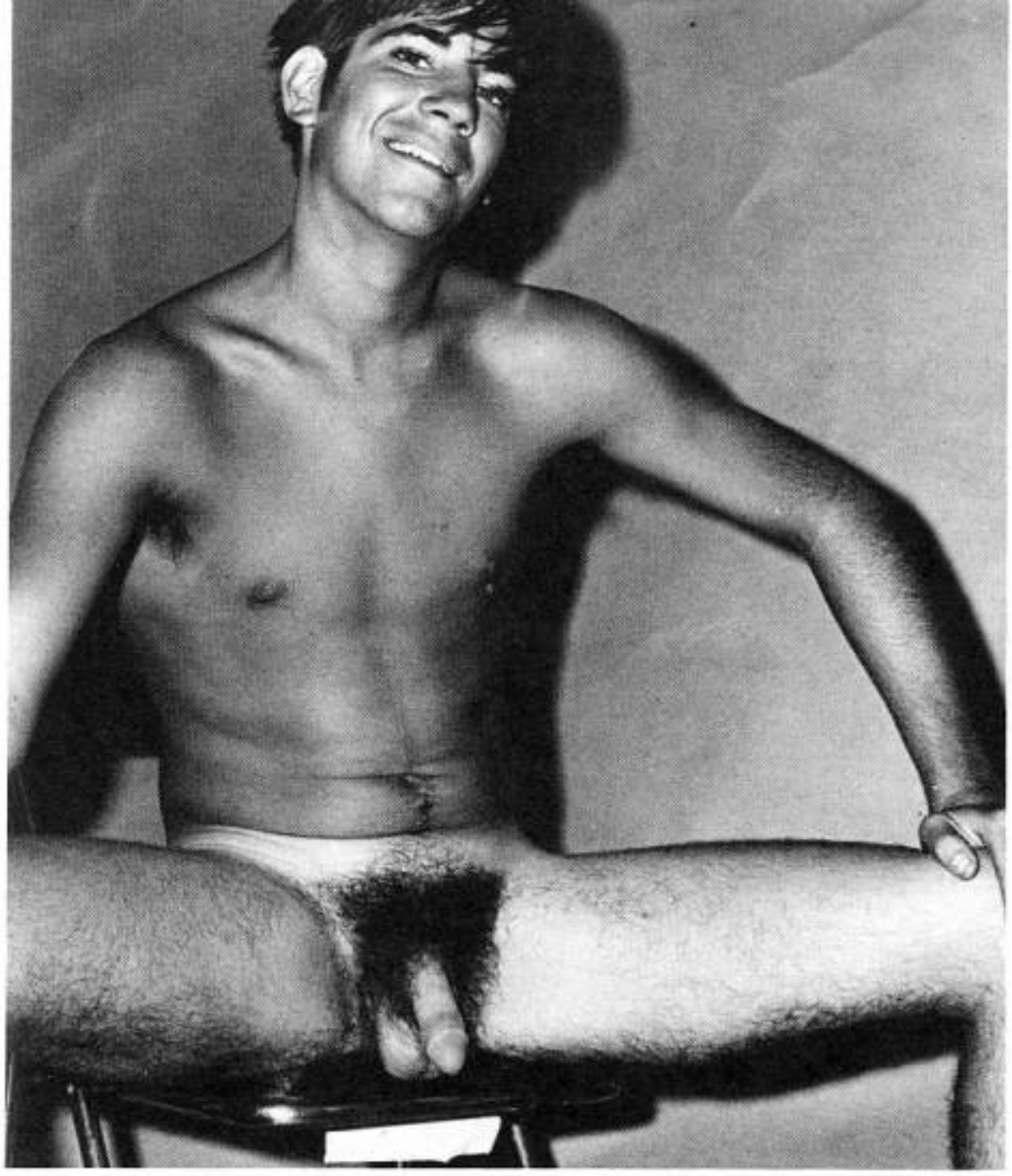
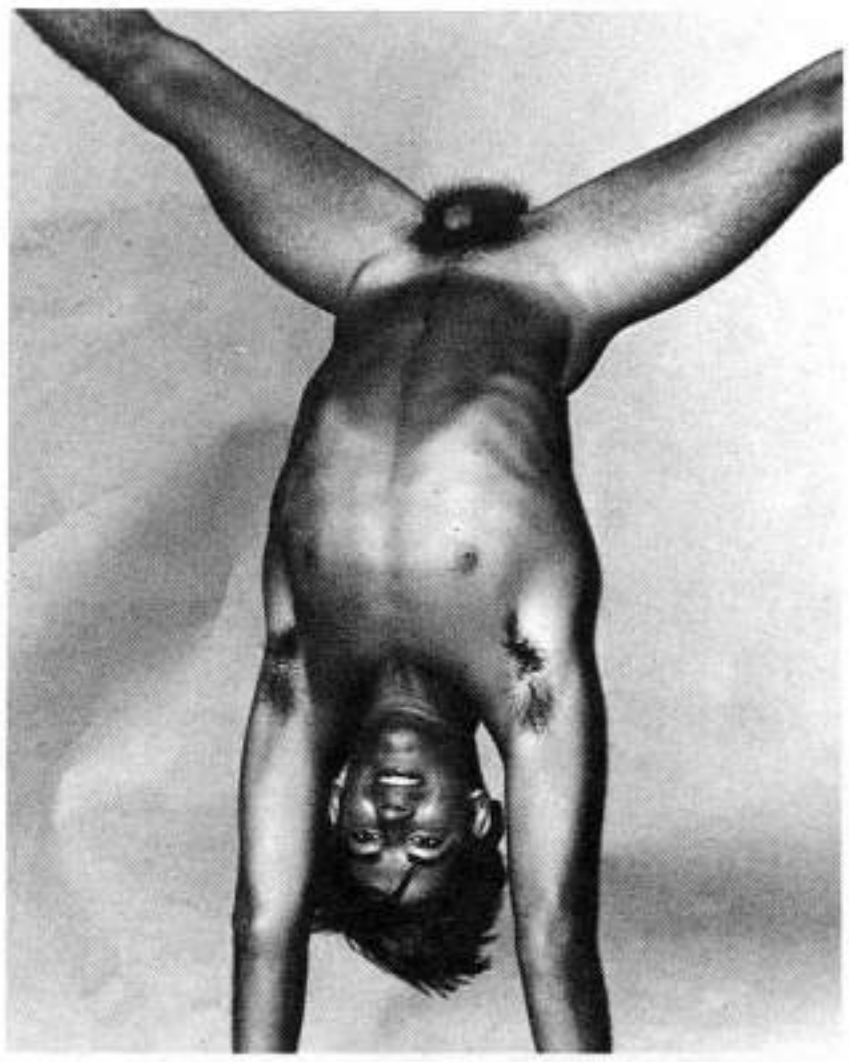
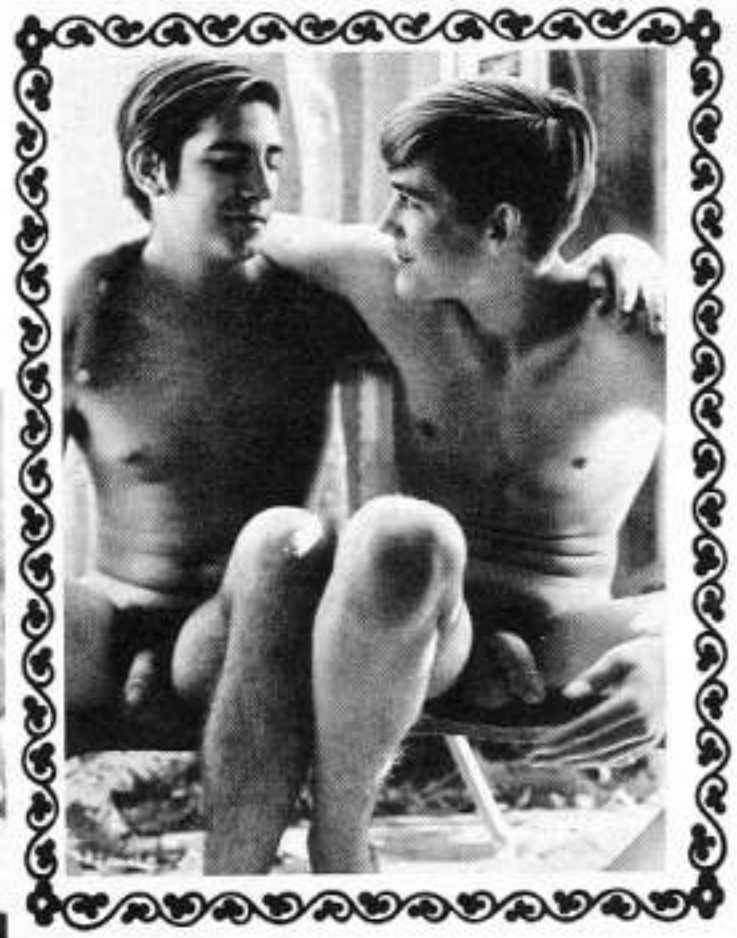


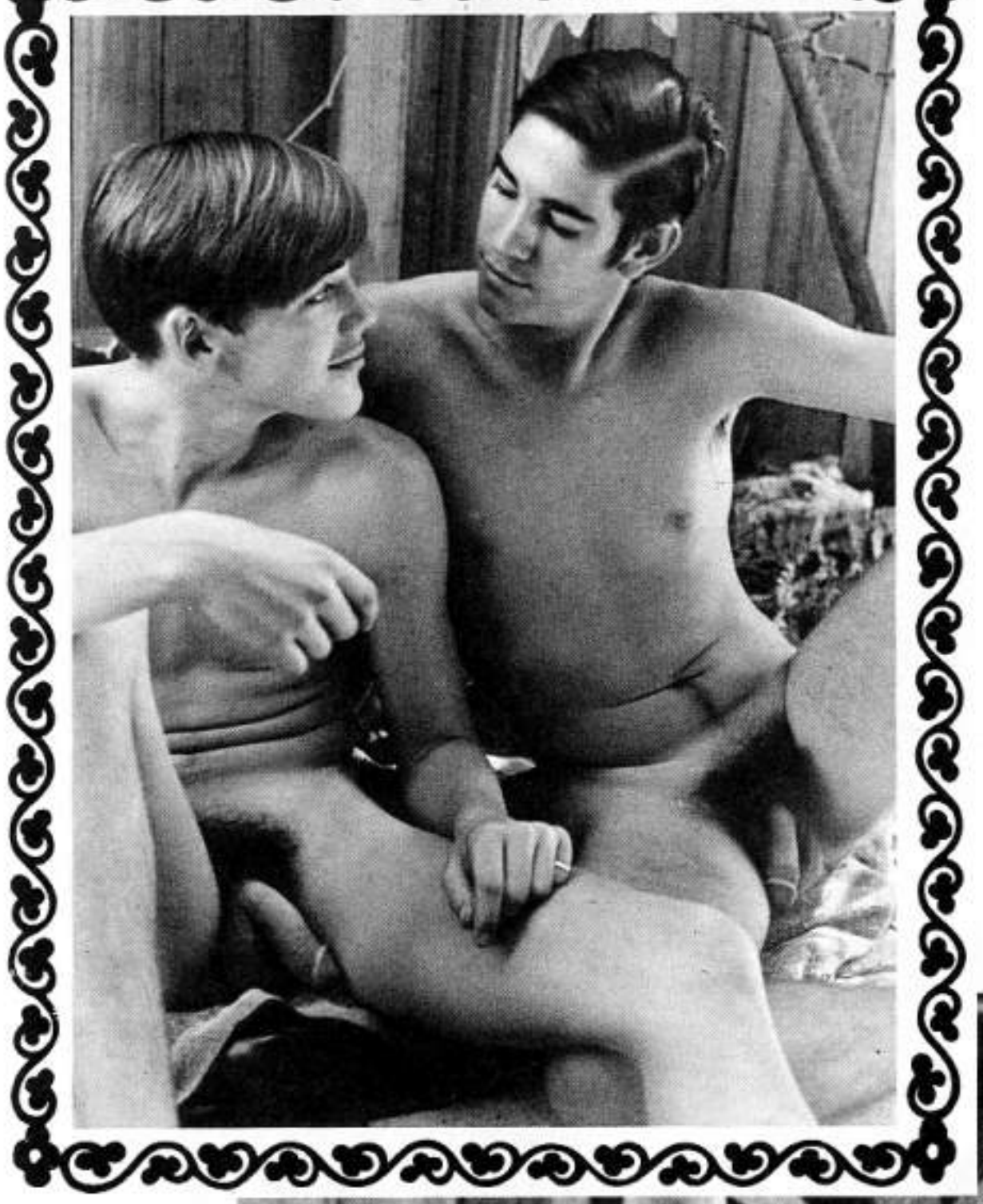












SODOMY

is a bad word

non-fiction by Alan Hitchcock

"Sodomites often come to a bad end," someone has said. Certainly it's true of the ancient tribe. Once a rich and proud people, they are known now only for the wickedness that brought about the divine destruction of their city.

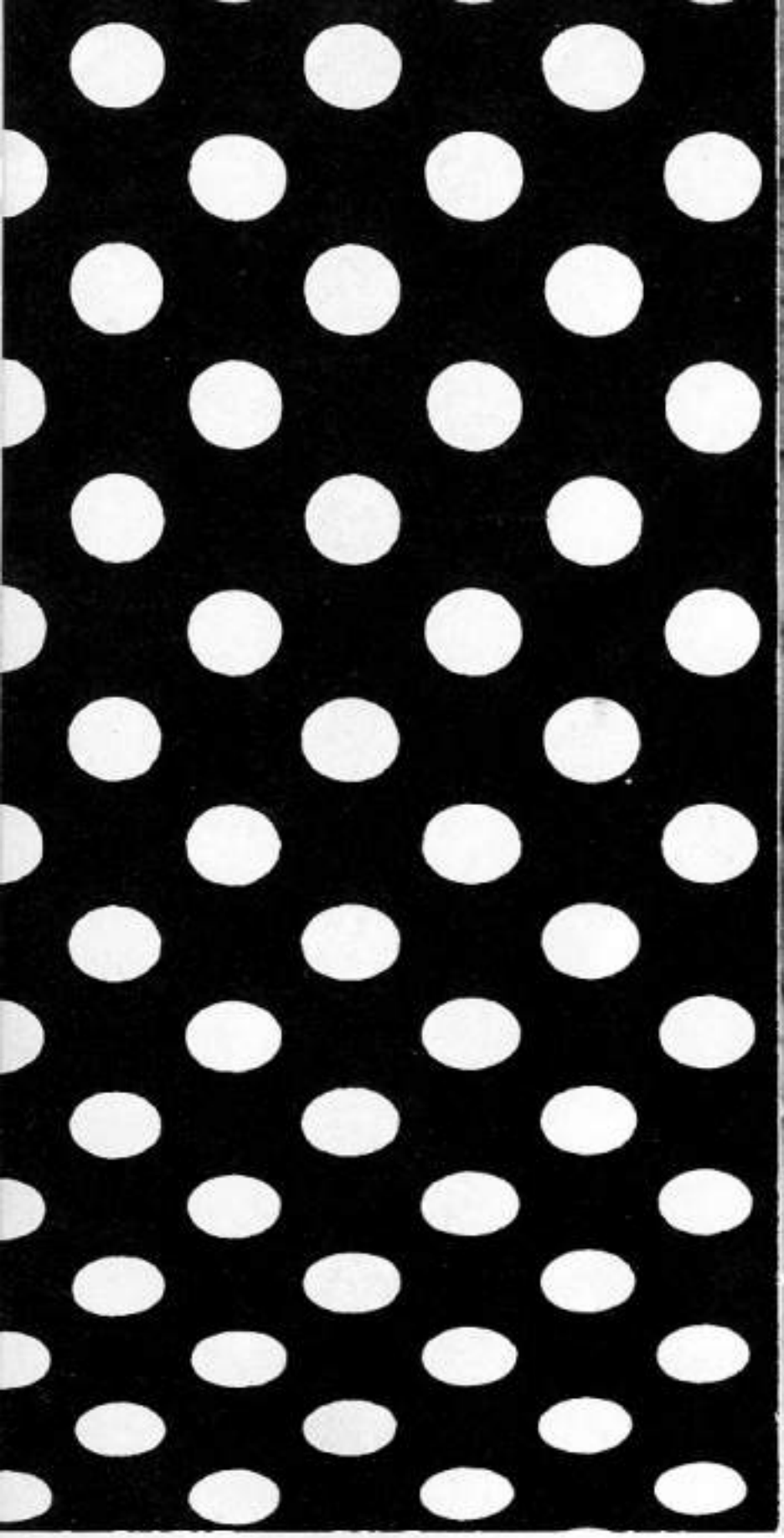
"Sodomy," the word to which they gave their name, is various in its meanings. In Elizabethan times, it meant intercourse between any unmarried individuals—of either sex. Today it is still used by some states to describe any "abnormal" or "unnatural" sexual act, whether it involves humans alone or humans with animals. Generally, however, it denotes anal intercourse, most often between male and male.

All of these meanings trace to the Biblical mention of the unspecified "wickedness" of the city of Sodom. But the common meaning is based on a rather tenuous inference from a single Bible verse.

Lot, the one virtuous man in Sodom, according to the Bible, offers the hospitality of his house to two angels who come disguised as men. He's even insistent when the men offer to spend the night in the street—some scholars say because he knows the "evil" that would befall them without protection.

The people of Sodom, not only rich and proud but jealous of their wealth and distrustful of strangers, gather before Lot's house and demand that he produce his visitors. "Bring them out unto us that we may know them," they cry in Genesis 19:5. It is this one verse—and the assumption that "know" refers to sexual knowledge—which provides the source of the designation of anal intercourse as "sodomy."

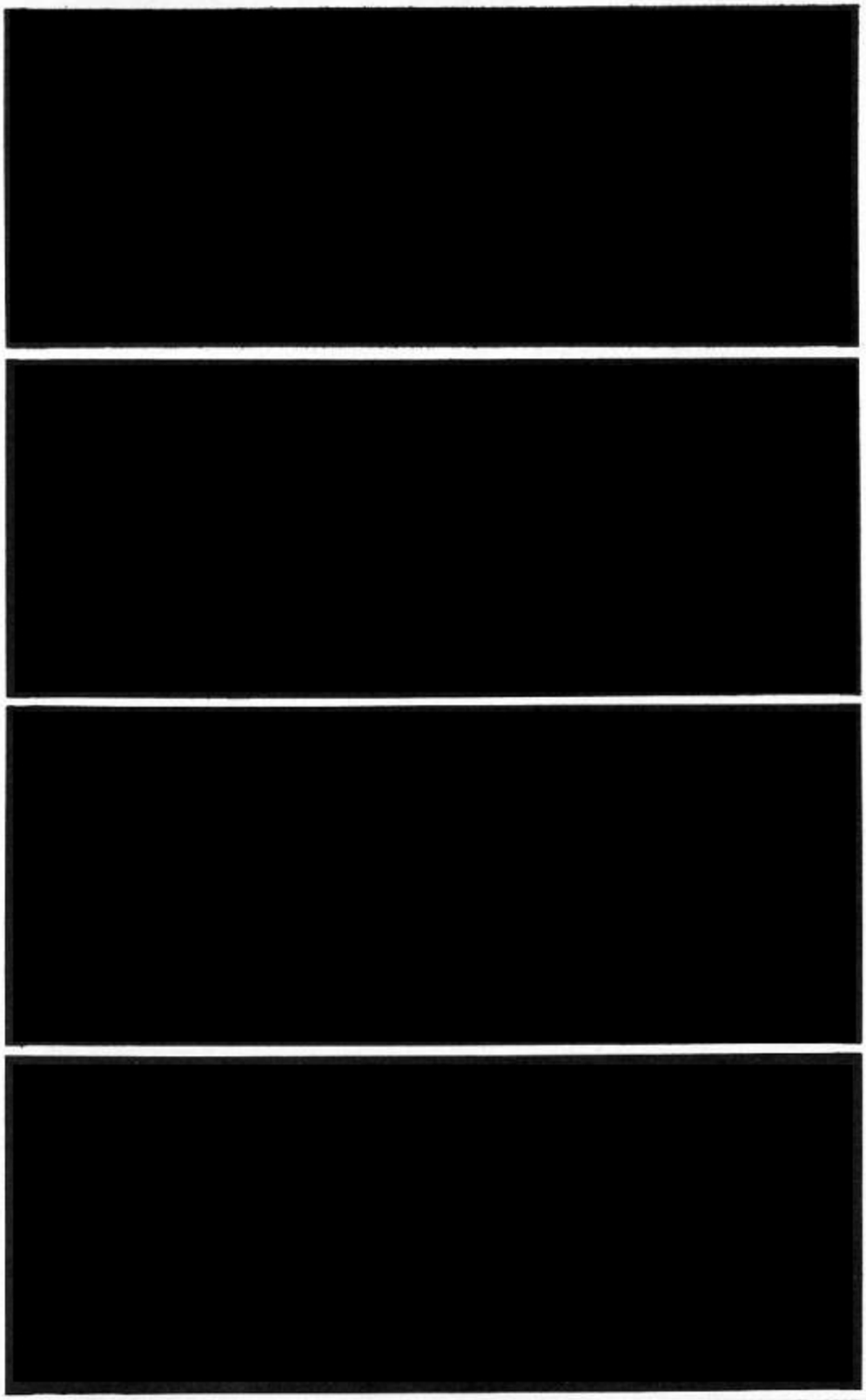
The crowd may have intended by "know" only that they desired to get acquainted with the strangers. The "wickedness" they in-



tended may have been no more than a beating. The Bible offers no details. The only clue that sexual activity may have been intended is Lot's offer to produce for the crowd, instead of the strangers, his two virgin daughters. But the Sodomites aren't interested in the girls. Therefore, scholars have concluded for centuries, they **are** interested in boys.

Nowhere else is the Bible ever specific about the "wickedness" of the Sodomites, None survived to contest the hypothesis of later scholars that it was homosexuality. Except Lot, who wasn't talking, his wife, who became a pillar of salt before she could say anything, and the two daughters, who contrived to get the old man drunk on two occasions so they wouldn't be virgins any more. Since their purpose was pregnancy, it's doubtful that they slept with their father Sodom style.

There's no evidence that any Sodomite ever slept with anyone Sodom style, for that matter. Only that one Bible verse, and the ambiguous verb, "know." That's all it took to bring the Sodomites to a bad end.



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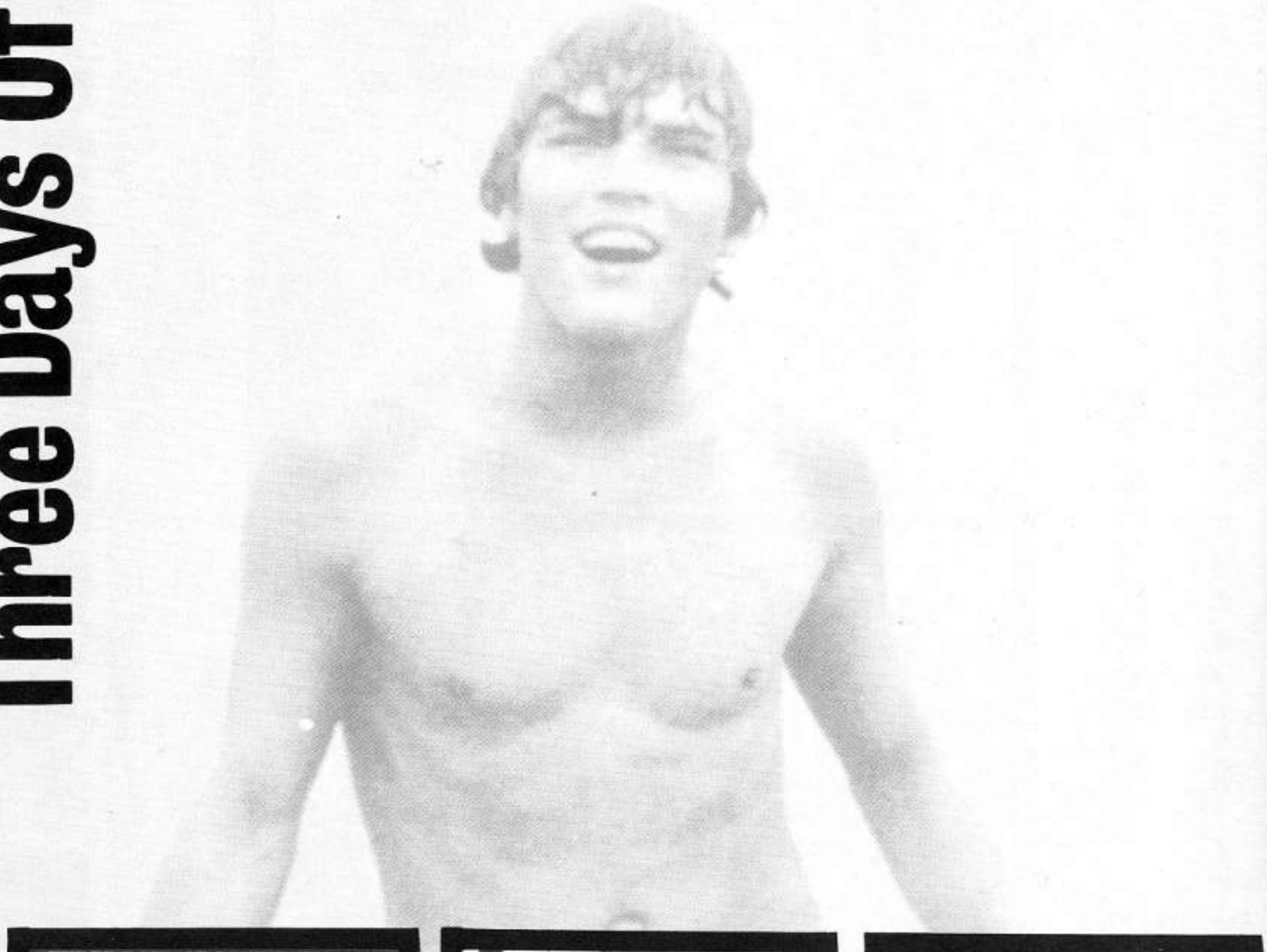

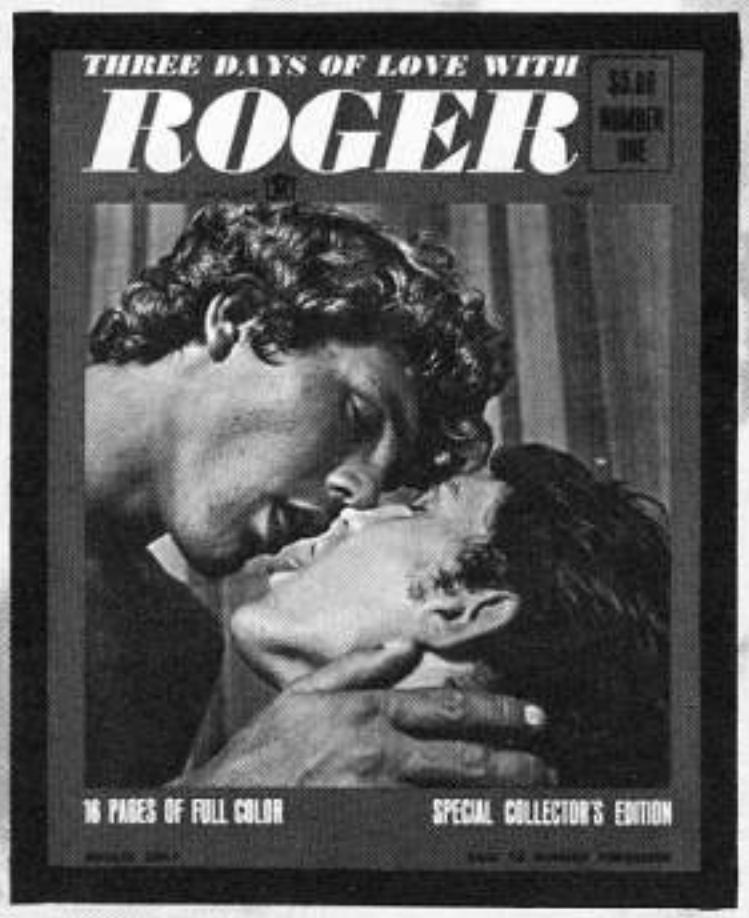
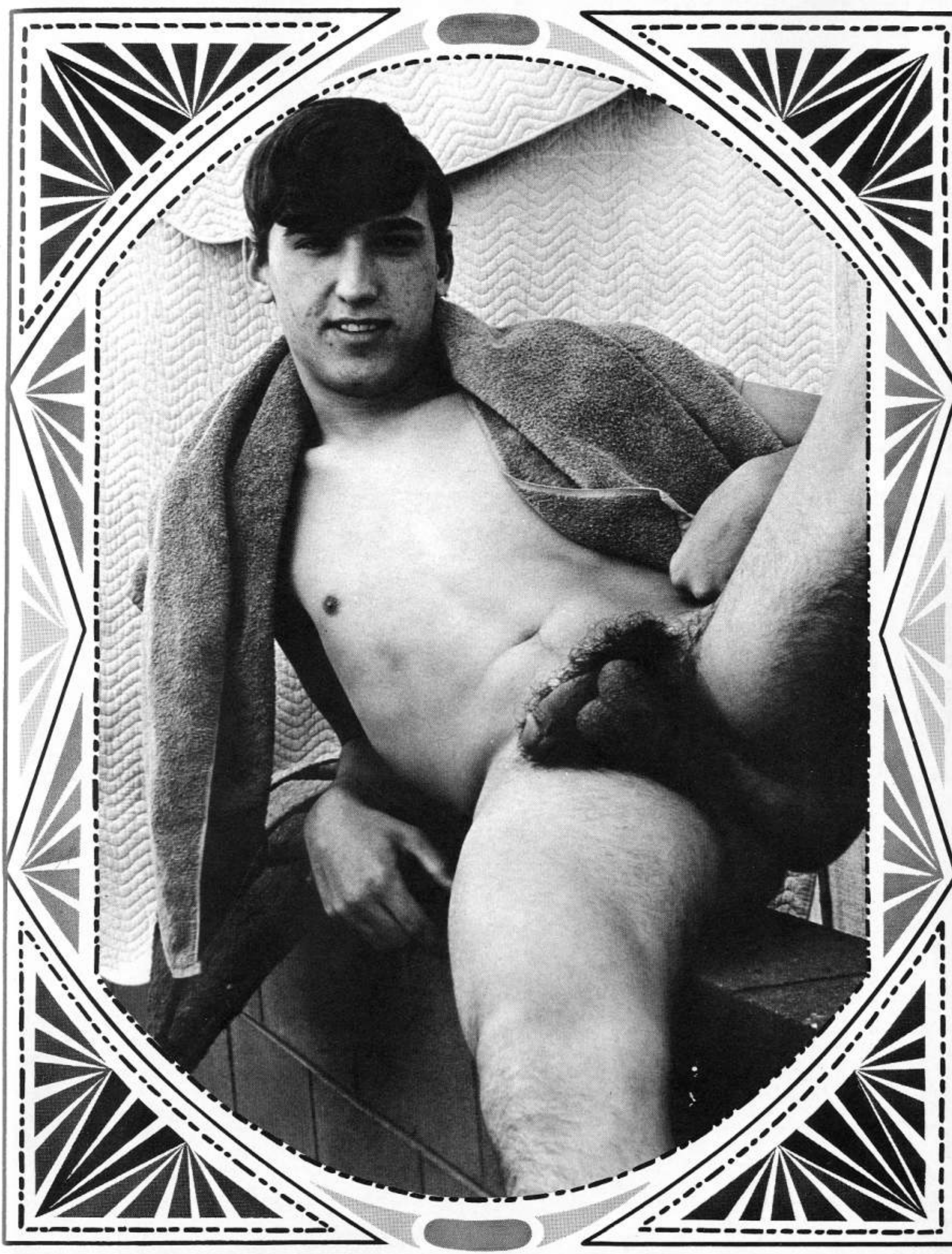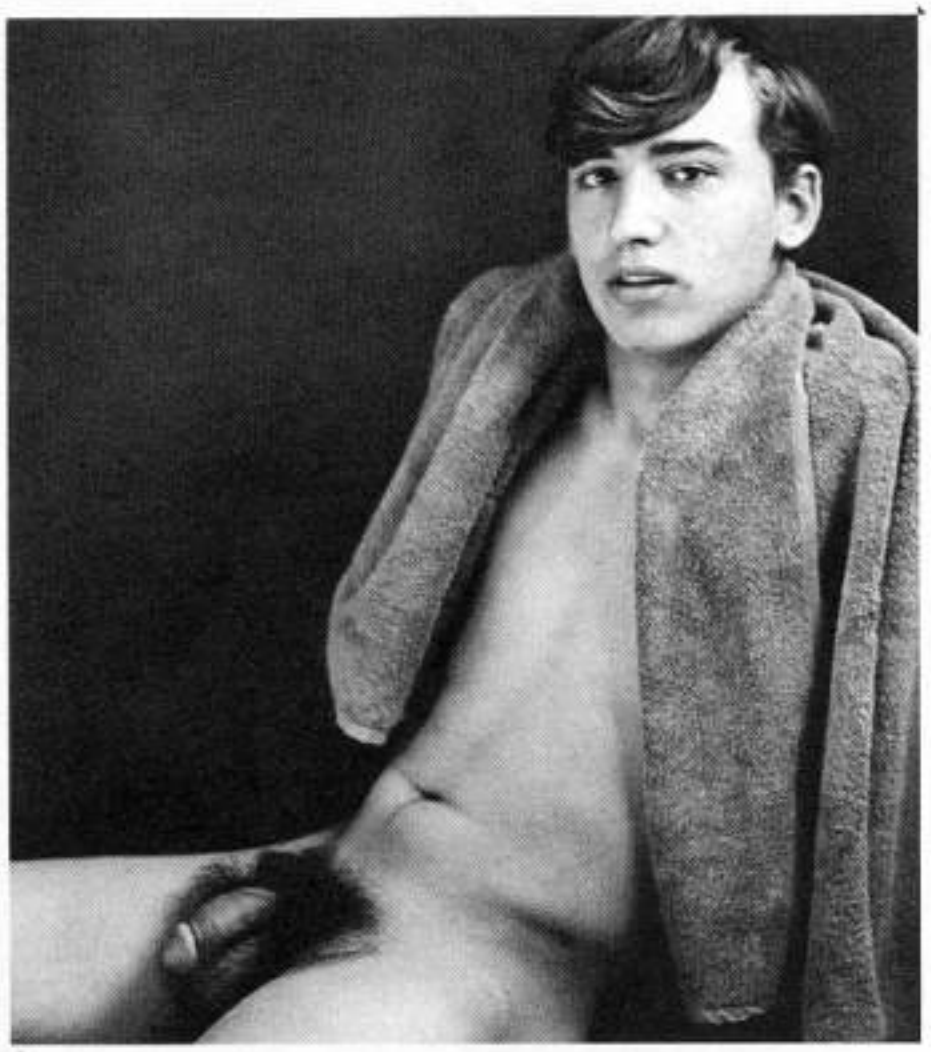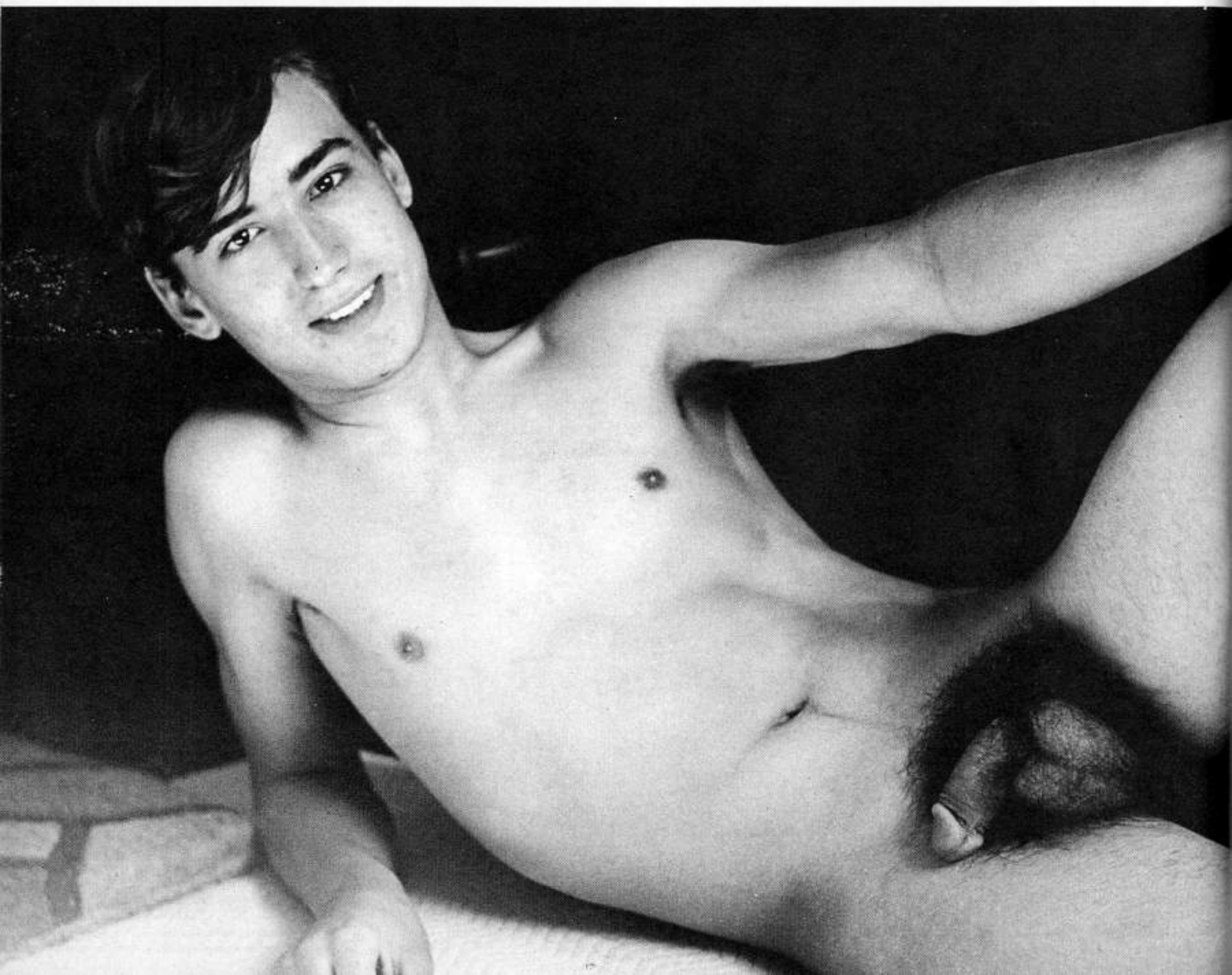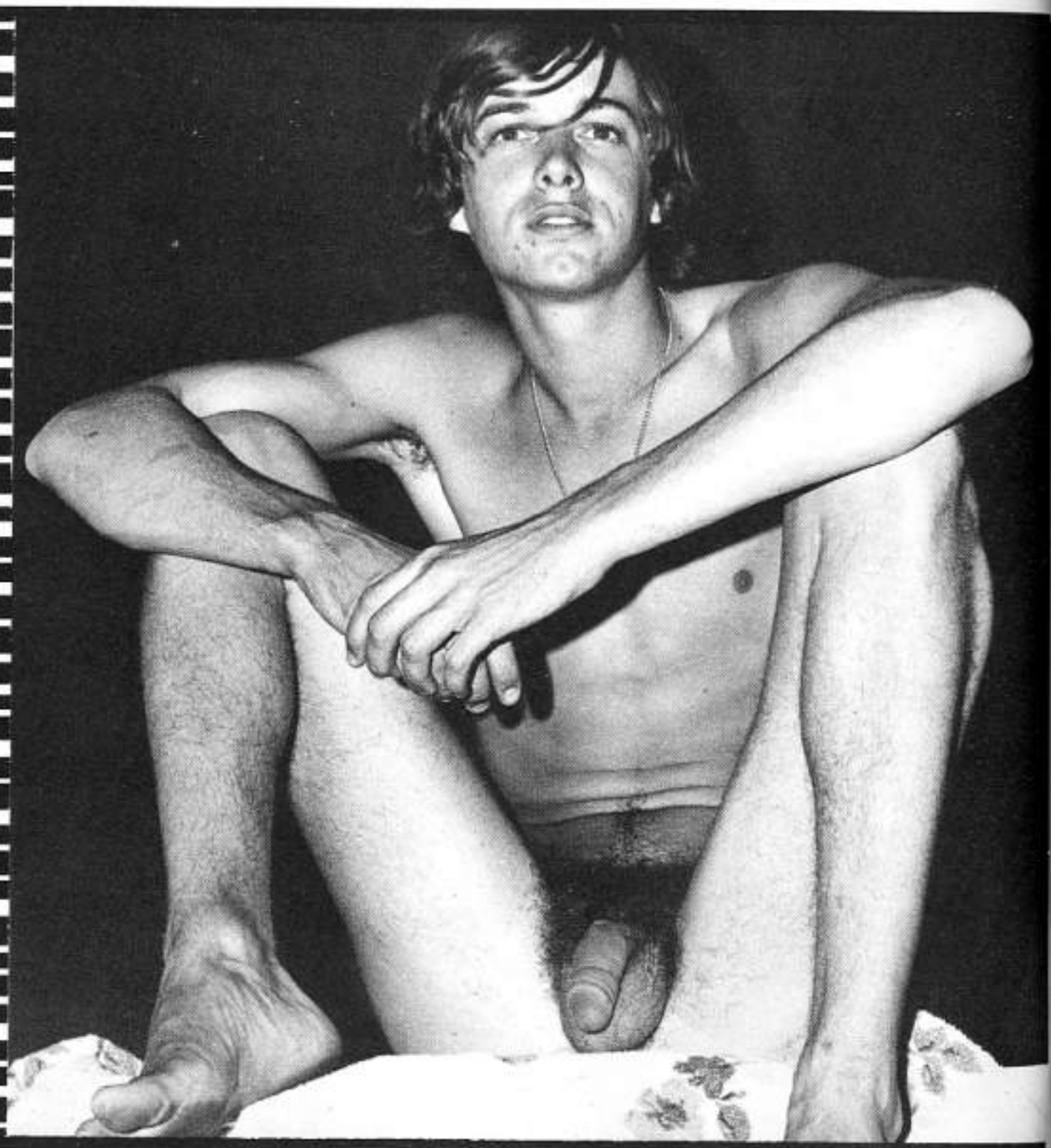
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